Nothing Amazing Ever Happens Here

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/2422445.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandoms:	Kill la Kill, FLCL
Relationships:	Haruhara Haruko/Jakuzure Nonon, Haruko Haruhara/Nonon Jakuzure
Characters:	Jakuzure Nonon, Haruhara Haruko
Additional Tags:	Crossover Pairings, Crossovers & Fandom Fusions, Crossover
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-10-08 Words: 1,395 Chapters: 1/1

Nothing Amazing Ever Happens Here

by margot16

Summary

A chance meeting, a chance at something new.

Notes

Just a lil cross-universe writing exercise. Enjoy!

Sitting at a bus stop in the middle of nowhere, you start to wonder why you even came out here in the first place. It's quiet, but you can't tell either way. Your earbuds are stuffed into your ears, and Brahms has been your sole companion since you left Honnou Town far behind in search of a rare instrument. So far the trip had materialized jack squat, and as you tucked a strand of light pink hair behind your ear you start to count the minutes before the bus arrives impatiently.

The bright sun is beating down on you warmly, and just as you're about to check the time for the thirteenth time in one minute your eye is drawn to a glint of sunlight off to your right. Like a bee passing in front of your face, something loud and fast and *yellow* zooms past you on the road, vanishing into the distance. You try to follow it with your eyes but it's already gone, vanishing before it even appears.

Suddenly it's back from whence it came, speeding up the road towards you before pulling to a stop up and onto the sidewalk. You can't take your eyes off what has come to rest in front of you. It has to be one of the most fantastical things you've ever seen.

Yellow .

A bright yellow-orange scooter, gleaming in the bright sunlight. Closer examination reveals it is in fact a Vespa, pristine and flashy. Your breath catches as you notice a sticker on the front on the scooter: a black "P!" set on a white background. The Pillows. Your favorite band.

Red.

Straddling the scooter is a tall, slender woman. Easily twice your height, she raises her goggles from her eyes and lets out a long breath. She's wearing a red leather overcoat, tight black pants and high white boots. As she takes her helmet off, a messy shock of peach-pink hair remarkably similar in color to your own falls to her shoulders.

Blue.

She has a shiny blue bass guitar strapped to her back. Your mouth falls slightly agape as you realize it's a left-handed Rickenbacker, not in any sort of case. She shifts her weight, glancing over at you. Her mouth moves and sound comes out, but you don't realize it until several seconds later.

"...eeeeyyy short stuff! Hey! You should take a picture, it'll last longer!" she says, crossing her arms and smirking. Her face is like a cat's, her mouth cocked upwards on both sides and her eyes bright and large.

"W-Whatever! Don't flatter yourself. I was just marveling over how stupid you look." you say, blushing.

To your growing consternation, she ignores you, hopping off her Vespa and digging in her pockets as she heads towards the one vending machine at the bus stop.

"Hey. Heeeeeeeeeeeeeey! Princess short stuff! You got a quarter?!" you hear her yell, and you try your hardest to ignore her. It's only when you feel warm breath on the side of your neck that you jump, glancing to your left and seeing her sneering face mere inches from yours.

"W-What the hell are you doing, you creep?!" you screech, facing her down. It's only up close that you come to fully realize just how cute she is, making your mixed feelings of aversion and attraction all the more confusing. You blush, trying to hide it.

"Aw, c'mon short stuff. I just need a quarter. Whas' wrong, you never seen a pretty girl up close before?" she says jovially, her voice somehow both nasal and raspy.

"I don't have a quarter. Leave me alone." you say, at this point just trying to make her go away. You hate yourself for sneaking another look at her. Her smirk turns into a full-sized jovial smile at your gaze, folding her arms across her chest as she straddles the bench next to you.

"Say, what's a cutie like you doing out here in the middle-a-nowhere? Visiting yer grandparents or somethin'?"

You sigh, deciding to indulge her for now. Perhaps doing that will satisfy her enough to leave you alone before you further incriminate yourself.

"Not that it's any of your business, *weirdo* , but I'm looking for a rare instrument."

You sneak another glance at her face, it now having split into a full-size grin at your response. Her face inches even closer to yours, before she frantically points to her bass, propped up against her scooter.

"You mean like thaaaaaaaaaaaat one? It's a Rickenbacker, y'know. Left handed. Model 4001. Doesn't get any more rare than that, baby!" She clenches both of her fists before her, scrunching her face up into an almost impossible grimace. You recoil slightly but also snort in amusement at her strangeness.

"Tell ya what, short stuff. I'm not really usin' that thing anymore...I'll give to ya. For one quarter!" she says excitedly, standing and pointing down at you from an impossible height. You mouth drops open, refusing to believe what you have just heard.

"You can't be serious! You're insane." you say, shaking your head.

"But I really want a sour drink...." she mumbles, disappointed.

"I told you, weirdo. I don't have a quarter." you respond, trying to remain nonchalant and not admit you might actually be able to tolerate this strange girl more than you thought.

"Tell ya what, short stuff..." the tall girl says, bending down and positioning her face right before yours. You stare into her sparkling eyes, entranced. Your heart flutters.

"Kiss me, and the bass's yours." she finishes, your jaw now comfortably resting on the ground. There was no way.

"You really are *insane* . Kiss you? Like I would ever do such a thing." you respond, trying to sound annoyed. In truth the prospect of kissing her didn't seem so bad, but she didn't need to know that.

"C'mooooon, princess! A rare-ass Rickenbacker just for kissin' me?! What a deeeeeaaaaaaal!" she yells, spinning around and letting her arms flail. You once again against your better judgement snort in amusement at her antics.

"If I kiss you, will you leave me alone?" you ask. She stops her spinning and noise-making, bending down once again. She places a gloved hand on your cheek, and your face heats up significantly. Your heart rate increases, and you can feel her breath on your lips.

"Kiss me right now, and you'll never see me again." she says breathily.

You glide forward, your lips meeting.

Her gloved hand slides slowly to cup itself around one side of your neck as you kiss. They're small, timid kisses at first, but you're surprised to find that she opens you up pretty quickly. Her pinkish hair mixes with yours, your tongue dances along with hers. It's all gentle, surprisingly tender and genuine despite her joking and over-the-top attitude. You feel as if you could actually get used to something like this...

With a *pop* , it's all over.

She meets your eyes with hers, still dazzling but infinitely calmer now. In one stride she grabs her bass by its neck, returning to you. She smiles almost sadly, placing the body on the ground between your legs. She slowly places the neck to rest on one of your shoulders, and you feel the cool wood against your skin, refreshing. Your eyes meet, and for a moment you are both genuine, calm. Free of preconceptions and barriers. She smiles softly, almost sadly.

"Take care of her." she says to you, before slamming her hands against her hips and returning to her jovial old self. She throws her head back, laughing. The sound of it fills the country air.

She dons her helmet, then her goggles, straddling her Vespa and kicking it to a noisy, dusty start. The rear wheel spins as she skids it against the ground, swiftly executing a 180 degree turn as you watch in stunned silence. She freezes, as if she's forgotten something.

"Oh yeah, I forgot..." she says, looking back over her shoulder at you with a wide sneer.

"Don't hit anyone over the head with it."

Her laughs, mixed with the roar of the engine, fill the air as she takes off down the road at impossible speed, leaving you in a cloud of dust.

You cling to your new bass, feeling the cold wood against your cheek once again.

You suppose you've found your instrument.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!